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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1910.

The Paramount Thought Today.

In celebrating the birthday of George Washington, it is worth while to review the great progress made by the human race toward liberty since the day when Washington was born.

In 1782 monarchies held full sway. The divine right of kings was a doctrine which few men had the temerity to dispute. As the years progressed, however, and the experiment of republicanism in the emancipated colonies of America began to develop into stable and successful government, the souls of liberty-lovers became filled with courage. The torch of freedom here illuminated the whole world. Out of the American Revolution sprang a new France, and even in Great Britain, where representative government had been established, there was an awakening among the masses. To-day there is not a country in the world which lays claim to consideration among civilized mankind wherein the people are not in some degree represented in the making of the laws. Even Russia is attempting popular participation in governmental affairs, and it will not be long before conservative China will attempt to introduce similar ideas. Germany has its Reichstag, Austria its Reichsrath, Spain its Cortes, Italy its Parliament. This spirit of individual liberty, stimulated by the great revolt in which George Washington was the leader, has spread everywhere. Kings and emperors still rule, but their power is short. The people make the laws, and human rights are acknowledged and respected.

This is the paramount thought to-day. Viewed from this standpoint, the birth of George Washington, while it meant much to the American colonies in throwing aside the shackles of tyranny, was an event of still greater importance to the whole world.

The Militia Gives Advice.

It is manifest that the infantry officers of the regular establishment do not take kindly to the suggestion which has been made in the form of a resolution adopted by the national militia board, at a recent meeting in Washington, to the effect that the infantry drill regulations "be rewritten and not revised." The distinction, in a new edition of these important rules for the employment of infantry, is that the rewritten regulations will permit the compilers to make many radical changes which the militia authorities believe are necessary.

The infantry drill regulations are periodically revised. They are, in fact, amended frequently from time to time, as the experts discover the need of minor alterations; and whenever these alterations have accumulated in sufficient volume, a new edition is prepared. In 1904 the infantry drill regulations were rewritten and important changes were made in the infantry movements. This necessitated infantrymen learning anew the regulations which govern their arm, and it obviously imposed much labor upon those who must fully acquaint themselves with the provisions of these regulations. The rewriting of the drill regulations now would, it is claimed, be a positive hardship and would serve no special purpose.

Beyond and above this consideration, the military authorities do not appreciate why the militia officers, even those of influence and position sufficient to serve on a national militia board, should throw out a suggestion of this sort. The regulations are now being revised, and this is considered sufficient for the needs of the service, both in the regular establishment and in the organized militia. If the experts on the general staff who have charge of this matter do not think it necessary to rewrite, but merely to revise, the infantry drill regulations, it would seem that to their judgment might be entrusted the situation, with the assurance that they will be equal to the emergency without any help from militia sources. It would appear to be, moreover, a defect in military administration, if the discovery of the necessity of re-writing the infantry drill regulations has been made solely by the militia officers.

An Interfamily Mix-up.

Some men fail to rise to the occasion, even when it is patent to all beholders that the eternal fitness of things requires heroic action. Not so with Vincent Coz, of Connellsville, Pa., whose wife eloped with his father the other day. Vincent did not give way to grief. He is made of sterner stuff.

When Antonio Coz, the father, and Mrs. Coz, the daughter-in-law, took a train after leaving farewell messages, the husband was equal to the emergency. He laid the whole matter before his mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Santos, and she fell in with his plans. Thereupon, on the train which departed a few hours later, but headed in the opposite direction to that taken by the morning elopers, the son and mother-in-law departed.

Thus Vincent shattered a long standing

belief that no man can love his mother-in-law. At the same time, he got revenge on his wife. Think of any woman admitting that her husband can love another old enough to be her mother!

One disturbing element in the situation is the attitude of Mr. Santos. While his wife ran away with his son-in-law, was it not the elopement of his daughter that resulted in the second marriage? Should Mr. Santos go on the warpath for the younger Coz, or the elder? When a man's father runs away with the wife of his bosom, is he not justified in kidnapping his mother-in-law? Mr. Santos is taking counsel with his friends, and will act only after he has deliberated further on the matter.

For a complex problem of family inter-relationship, the case here cited probably stands without a parallel. The latest returns from Connellsville are not in, but certainly there should be some feminine member of the Coz family to whom the bereaved Mr. Santos could make love, thus completing the chain. Imagine the relationship to each other of the children of these various unions. But that is getting ahead of the story. For the present, we await the action of Mr. Santos.

In re Eggs.

The claim is seriously advanced by a scientist of repute and standing that hens may be made to lay eggs of various colors—blue, pink, green, and red—by feeding them certain harmless chemical compounds along with their daily food. This is one of those interesting bits of information mere man delights to label "important, if true," and then forget. Colored eggs might serve an occasional useful purpose—at Easter, for instance. Perhaps, moreover, they might be used to some advantage in shop-window advertising. As articles of diet, they would be no better than the old-fashioned product, nevertheless. We doubt, indeed, whether they would be one-half so inviting.

The sort of egg that would be hailed with great manifestations of joy, however, would be one that refused to keep in cold storage for more than sixty days under any circumstances. That character of eggs would put a crimp in the high cost of living that would mean something. It would revolutionize the egg situation, and that rather speedily, we apprehend. This now luxurious article of erstwhile everyday diet would come tumbling down from its present proud and exclusive estate, and that without breaking shells enough to affect the edible supply ever so slightly.

The present persuasion of hens are too conscientious, perhaps. They incline too strenuously to quality in eggs—especially keeping quality. There is much virtue in an egg; man should never cease to thank his lucky stars that there are such deliciously palatable things to be had in the world gastronomic. But it ought to be beyond his power to trifle with them, or exploit them to his own discomfort and distress. If every egg brought into the world were so fashioned that it must be disposed of within a reasonable length of time or it would go to the bad hopelessly, man would keep the egg crop moving along as it ought to move along, and as, we honestly believe, the good Lord intended it should move along!

Far be it from us to deprecate these new-fangled eggs of rainbow attributes; but eggs with a time limit of consumption fixed immovably to them would be much more to the point!

Esteemed contemporaries buying themselves of late publishing near-obituaries of Senator Ben Tillman are hereby reminded that the grim old warrior greeted one of his physicians Sunday with a cheerful "Hello, doc!"

"The steering wheel kiss is the latest," notes the Boston Herald. This looks like more trouble for the humble pedestrian.

The opposition to Senator Dick out in Ohio is getting reckless. The State Journal, of Columbus, is even indulging in near-poetry at his expense.

"Speaker Cannon is quoted as saying that he has more than once had aspirations to be a reformer." Says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Well, "Uncle Joe's" side may be the "outs" in the next Congress, and he might then assume the role without fear of particularly scathing comment.

"It is easier to cut out liquor than to cut out gossip. There is no prohibition against the latter that will be effective," says the Savannah Press. Nor against the former either, in Savannah.

An Ohio court has ruled that a woman has no right to go through her husband's pockets. Woman's well-known contempt of court rulings, however, robs this opinion utterly of any lasting value as a news item.

Mr. Heyburn recently advocated a certain idea so vehemently in the United States Senate that the only vote it got was his own; a few days later, Mr. Davis duplicated that somewhat remarkable performance. These two should now form a Senatorial mutual admiration and survivors' association.

"It," says a Republican stand-pat Senator, "the tariff is responsible for the increased cost of living, the investigating committee will not hesitate to bring out the facts." Which, being translated into plain English, reads: "We, the jury, find the tariff not guilty."

The general public will incline to favor a postal savings bank into which the depositor may easily get his money, of course; also, however, it will prefer one out of which he will find it easy to get his money when he wants to.

"The Congressional Record is still a valuable publication," says the Albany (Ga.) Herald. There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us, as the poet puts it.

A scientist declares that the mosquito responsible for malaria cannot bite a human being, save when standing on its head. As a pest, nevertheless, this mosquito seems to get there with both feet.

While not denying that honesty may be the best policy, some of those Albany (N. Y.) statesmen appear to have decided it to be mighty poor politics, anyway.

If Gov. Hadley really wants to know how the trick is turned, he will have to watch Prof. Stone very closely next time. The professor has nothing con-

cealed about his person, up his sleeves or otherwise, with which to deceive the governor, of course.

A Chicago judge recently found it necessary to order a boy to eat a square meal. Are people being born into the world nowadays with an actual and instinctive fear of the high cost of living?

"If Halley's comet strikes the earth, we shall all be annihilated in less than three-quarters of a second," says an astronomer. However, the chance of its striking us is only one out of 248,000,000, why worry?

Mr. Rockefeller's Standard Oil dividends for the past three months only amounted to a trifling little \$4,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller may yet have to economize on beef-steak, mutton chops, and things.

"At this stage of the baseball situation every club can just see itself in the act of grabbing the pennant," says the Philadelphia Ledger. Oh, yes. Sure! Also, you bet!

A philanthropist complains that it costs a dollar to apply a dollar to charitable purposes. Oh, dear! Here we are now, face to face with the high-cost-of-giving problem.

Dr. Cook bobbed up in Minnesota yesterday. We thought he would. His two consecutive days in Chile last week foreshadowed a strenuous jump this week.

"A Chicago highwayman has robbed a restaurant," observes the Augusta Herald. Mere banks and things do not greatly interest robbers any more.

Notwithstanding his unique status as the world's champion light-weight horse, example Count Boni de Castellane is said to be looking around for another American horse.

Whether George Washington could tell them or not on occasions, we are keeping his memory green in this country, all right.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Mr. Moore's Great Reserve.
From the Detroit News.
Willis L. Moore shows great reserve in not condemning floods as the cause of our floods.

A Gentleman from Mississippi.
From the Savannah Press.
"A Gentleman from Mississippi" is making its second tour through the South without stirring Vardaman in the title role.

How Senator Lodge Figures It.
From the St. Paul Dispatch.
Senator Lodge will not prepare figures to show that the high cost of living is due to the fact that the tariff schedules were placed too low.

Pointers to the Speaker.
From the Memphis News-Schmitt.
If Speaker Cannon has been reading recent editions of the Chicago Tribune, he has doubtless learned some things which though not pleasing should yet be guiding.

In Lieu of Witness Fees.
From the Austin (Tex.) Statesman.
No witness fees are allowed in the Ballinger investigation, but witnesses testifying for the plaintiff are given a certificate which entitles them to life membership in the Amnias Club.

A Shrewd Guess.
From the St. Paul Dispatch.
While not in the express confidence of the President, we feel safe in asserting that if Secretary Ballinger resigns, the vacancy in the Cabinet will not be filled by the appointment of Mr. Glavin.

Nine Might Help Matters.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Nine Mississippians are candidates for the top of the late Senator McLean. Unfortunately, Mississippi cannot send the whole bunch to Washington to improve her batting average in the Senate.

Gov. Marshall's Method.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Gov. Marshall, of Indiana, has further clinched his hold on the reins by sending a testimonial for a rhinoceros case. Thereby he assures himself that his picture will go down to future generations "at the top of the column, next to pure reading matter."

Privileges of Friendship.
From Life.
To be given the small room in the attic so that the spare chamber may be ready for possible but unexpected company.

To hear the completion of the family quarrel that he wishes his arrival had interrupted.

To hear both sides of the family quarrel when heard separately.

To walk from the station in rainy weather because it is so bad for the family horses to be out in the rain.

To stay at home and take care of the children while the other guests are taken driving.

To make himself at home in the library without having been given the key to the book shelves.

To be joked about his personal appearance.

To be reminded of his youthful flirtations in the presence of new and entertaining young men.

To be told when to go home.

To be told when to stay home.

In short—to be treated exactly like "one of the family" without the inalienable family right to say what he thinks of it.

A Pertinent Question.
From Judge.
Jones—Can I get accommodation at this place for the night?
Native—Be you crazy?
Jones—What do you mean?
Native—Don't get mad, mister. That's a loonatic asylum.

AT THE BRIDGE WHIST CLUB.
I played on a bridge at midnight.
Though my bank account ran low,
And a warning voice within me
Said I'd better quit and go.

And ever the cards before me
Seemed huring me on to play,
And the currency, planning and going,
Seemed to lift and bear me away.

And I bid when I should have bridged it,
And bridged when I might have bid;
And only the god of the foolish
Knew the mad, sad things I did.

And ever the play went wilder,
And the cards still wilder went,
And I the wisest of any
For I risked my last red cent.

How often, oh, how often,
In the good old days, long past,
I had played on a bridge at midnight,
And raked in the pile at last.

How often, oh, how often,
I played in a tame and safe
I might bear away in my pocket
That pile so deep and wide!

But the game was dead against me,
I'd lost my luck at the play,
And the debts there laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could pay.

With my coin all fallen from me,
I sat in a sad and sad
Deep cursing the bridge at midnight,
And wondering what I could save.
—Judge's Library.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

OUR FAVORITE.
Most Presidents have furnished us
A fund of anecdote.
Log-cabin tales
We have in bales,
To wonder at and quote.

The mollycoddle and his ilk
A deal of copy made.
Such goodly themes
Yield manly reams,
And help the writer's trade.

But nothing ever helped us more
Than George's cherry tree.
Its place is sure
In literature,
As writers all agree.

Why Not.
"My constituents want some reading matter. Claim to be tired of the Patent Office reports I've been sending out."
"Well, prepare a speech incorporating some good, popular novel, and get leave to print."

Their Luck.
"English humor is said to be dull."
"They have a narrower field than ours. You take the cherry tree out of a nation's literature, and you leave an awful gap."

Easily Explained.
"Strange," murmured the editor, "that this anecdote of George Washington has never been in print before."
"Not at all," explained the occasional contributor, "I only thought of it last night."

Might Happen.
Congress might well declare
Its stern decree,
And bid the jokesmith spare
That cherry tree.

Rather a Relief.
"I get a little tired of these cherry tree jokes. Don't you?"
"Oh, I don't know. I find them rather restful. They never put 'em in dialect."

Inspiration to Order.
"I want a hurry-up poem for Washington's Birthday," said the publisher of the weekly magazine. "I want a poem with some inspiration to it. Something about six inches long."

The Humorist's Friend.
The cherry tree will ever be a joy to funny folks. It shades our cares and always bears a goodly crop of jokes.

PUBLIC PHILANTHROPY.

It Does Not Always Go Hand-in-Hand with Private Generosity.
From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"I see that you have contributed a large sum of money to the fund which is being raised for the treatment of sick cats."

"Yes, sir. My contribution, as you may have noticed in the newspapers, was \$500."

"I remember the amount very well. And you are also a patron of 'The Society for the Prevention of Antique Teapots,' are you not?"

"I have contributed \$1,000 to that noble cause. You will find my name prominently mentioned in the annual report of the executive committee."

"That's where I saw it. If I am not mistaken, you have contributed very generously to the support of the Home for Superannuated Cockroaches, and I believe you are the founder of a museum which is to contain the greatest collection of snuffboxes in the world."

"Yes; you have been correctly informed. In fact, you will learn, if you pursue your investigations, that I am one of the greatest philanthropists and public benefactors in our fair city."

"I have made that important discovery. I have found also that the wages paid in your establishment are lower than in any similar concern in this town. I am told that you never raise a man's pay unless you are compelled to do it in order to keep some competitor who knows how valuable he is to you from turning his back on you."

"I am told that several men who have worked for you all their lives for salaries that were too small to leave it possible for them to save anything were discharged the other day because you considered them too old to be useful any longer, and if I have been correctly informed, you never pay an employee while he is too ill to be on duty, even if it happens that he is a member of your board of directors."

"Young man, I have no time to listen to you further. It is evident that you have been filling yourself up with anarchistic ideas and idiotic theories about social evolution. Good-morning."

TODAY IN HISTORY

Washington's Birthday—February 22.

While February 22 must forever be chiefly associated in the minds of the patriotic Americans with the birthday of the Father of his Country, that momentous event is not the only one of importance recorded under this date in the annals of history. Nevertheless, it overshadows any of the other incidents and episodes with which the historian or the biographer has been called upon to deal. All the world unites in the glowing tribute of admiration to the wonderful man who was equally great as a soldier and a statesman. So competent a judge as Frederick the Great sent to Washington a sword of honor "from the oldest general to the youngest." So sublime a genius as the great German poet, Goethe, addressed a letter to Washington, declaring that our first President was the only man who had ever filled him with awe.

Such was the opinion of Washington entertained by his famous contemporaries in Europe. Time has but added luster to his fame. To-day in perspective we realize even more vividly what an amazing debt the republic owes to Washington for establishing its institutions and policies on a firm basis.

In this connection it is well to quote from the eloquent address of Rufus Choate, who said of Washington's Birthday: "The birthday of the Father of His Country? May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reawaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the

fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved so well, to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he gave the councils of his wisdom and his experience, as executor of the convention that framed the Constitution, which he guided and directed while in the chair of state, and for which the last prayer of his earthly life was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly to die."

Benjamin Ogle, a lifelong friend of Washington, and governor of Maryland from 1788 to 1801, was the first to suggest the birthday of Washington as a holiday.

Another interesting event of February 22, which has assisted in making history, was the purchase of Florida by the United States from Spain, in 1821. The price paid for the territory was \$5,000,000, but possession was not taken until 1823. Florida was organized the following year as a Territory, and was admitted as a State on March 3, 1845.

February 22 was also the date of the organization of the Republican party, in 1855, as a national political party, at Pittsburgh, Pa. The name "Republican Party" originated with a group of "Anti-Monroists" in Congress in 1825, and it was officially adopted by a State convention meeting at Jackson, Mich., in the same year, and soon came into general use. The first candidate of this party was John C. Fremont.

AN HISTORIC RETROSPECT.

By HENRY WATTS.

FEBRUARY 22, 1732—FEBRUARY 22, 1910.

When William McKinley signed the commissions of Joseph Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, Confederate generals and graduates of the West Point Military Academy, to be generals in the army of the United States, he gave official announcement of complete amnesty to the people and the soldiers of the South for acts committed during the war of sections.

Long before, Confederate officers had sat in both houses of Congress and in Republican and Democratic Cabinets and upon the bench of the Supreme Court, and had served as ambassadors and envoys extraordinary in foreign lands.

The South rallied equally with the North to the nation's drum-beat after the Maine was sunk in the harbor of Havana. It fought as bravely and loyally at Santiago and Manila. Finally, by the vote of the North, there came into the Chief Magistracy one who gloried in the circumstance that on the maternal side he came of fighting Southern stock; who, amid universal applause, declared that no Southerner could be prouder than he of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, apotheosizing an uncle, his mother's brother, who had stood at the head of the Confederate naval establishment in Europe and had fitted out the Confederate cruisers, as the noblest and purest man he had ever known, a composite of Col. Newcome and Henry Emory.

The graven effigy of Jefferson Davis graces the silver service of an American battle ship. That tells the Mississippi's guests, wherever and whenever they meet around her hospitable board, of national unification and peace, and gives the lie to sectional malignancy. In the most famous and conspicuous of the national cemeteries stands the monument to a Confederate general, not only placed there by consent of government, but dedicated with fitting ceremonies supervised by the War Department, which sent as its official representative the son of Grant, himself an army officer of rank and distinction. The world looked on in incredulous amazement, whilst our own country rose to each successive act in the drama of reconciliation with ever-increasing enthusiasm.

In view of these things it would seem to the day for man's anger to rise, or for any speculative or hostile and threadbare to conceive a party advantage in wanton insult to the memory of the heroes and leaders of the South.

The man who could couple the names of Robert E. Lee and Benedict Arnold would not hesitate, if his passions were aroused or if he fancied he saw in it some profit to himself, or his party, to liken George Washington to Judas Iscariot.

That chance groups of heedless persons here and there stirred by the bombast of self-exploiting orators eager for notoriety or display—loose mobs of loud non-descripts led by pension sharks so aptly described by the gallant Gen. Bragg, of Wisconsin, as coffee-coolers and camp-followers—should treat their passion to tatters with the thought that Virginia, exercising an indisputable right and violating no reasonable sensibility, elects to send memorials of Washington and Lee for enshrinement in the Hall of Statues in the Nation's Capitol, comes merely in the accustomed way of such irresponsible occasions and expressions. It proves only how easily men are led when taken in droves and stirred to frenzy. Such men either bore no part in the fighting when fighting was the order of the time, or else they are too ignorant, and therefore too unapologetic, to comprehend the meaning of the intervening years, the glory they have brought, and the expanse of national progress and prowess they portend. In spite of their lack of representative character, it is not easy to repress impatience at ebullitions of misguided zeal so ignoble, and, of course, it is not possible to dissuade or placate them. The very attempt would be like pointing out a star to a blind horse, or trying to teach a rattlesnake to think.

That any rotten borough, however ignorant and remote, should send to Congress a Senator or Representative capable of echoing sentiments so mean and groveling would be unbelievable except that so many of the mentally halt, lame, and blind have contrived to find their way to Washington from the beginning and will probably continue to do so to the end of the republic.

The world has been ever full of the fantastic. There was a King of France, and as history measures time not such ages ago, who delighted to trick himself in female apparel and to paint his cheeks like a harlot, and thus to disport himself through the streets of Paris. Why should we wonder that some creature of the slums, or some kind of the backwoods

should think by rigging himself in warlike apparel, and smearing his face with mud and blood, to cut a swath down the aisles of the House, or even in the more orderly precincts of the Senate chamber? He who would thwart the unification of the country on the lines of oblivion, of mutual and reciprocal forgiveness, throws himself across the highway of the nation's future, and is a traitor equally to the essential principles of free government and the spirit of the age.

He is also a traitor to common sense. The South, like the East and the West, has come to be the merest geographic expression. Each of its States is in the Union, precisely like the States of the East and the West, all in one ark on the all-Interchange of every sort exist. They underlie and interlace the social, domestic, and business fabric. That the arrangement and relation thus after half a century of strife established should continue through all time is the hope and prayer of every thoughtful, patriotic American. There is no greater dissonance to that sentiment in the South than in the North. To what end, therefore, except ignominious recrimination and ruinous dissension could a revival of old sectional and partisan passions—if it were possible—be expected to reach?

It was Col. Mulberry Sellers who gave currency to the conceit and enunciated the principle of "the old flag and an appropriation." He did not claim the formula as his own, however. He got it, said, of Senator Dillworth, his patriotic friend and ideal of Christian statesmanship.

The original of Senator Dillworth was recognized the country over as Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas. "Old Pom," as he had come to be called, whose oleaginous piety and noisy patriotism, adjusting themselves with equal facility to the purloining of subsidies and the roasting of rebels, to prayer and land-grants, had impressed themselves upon the Sistratrix of the Gilded Age as upon his colleagues in Congress. He was a ruffled-shirted Pharisee, for no reason, a picture of Pecksniff, and united the professions of a purist to the principles and practices of a highwayman. As Fox said of Thurlow, he was bound to be a hypocrite, for it was not possible for any one to be as wise and good as he looked to be. He was brought finally, by chance, and very suddenly and unexpectedly, to complete exposure and discomfiture. The man who had been a rascal, and a rascal of the first order, was suddenly and unexpectedly exposed as a hypocrite.

His fate should be a warning to those who sate by blattancy to hide corruption. With the recurrence of the birthday of Washington, the mind instinctively turns backward to the marvelous story of the intervening years. They embrace less than two centuries. But what other two centuries in human annals can compare with them in the glorious accretions of progressive achievement?

That the chosen people of God did not dwell amid the twilight of the ages and in far-away Judea, but were reserved to a later time, and a region then undiscovered of men, and that the American republic was ordained of God to illustrate upon the theater of the New World the possibilities of free government in contrast with the failures and tyrannies and corruptions of the Old, we do truly believe. That is the first article in our confession of faith. And the second is like unto it, that Washington was raised up by God to create it, and that Lincoln was raised up by God to save it; else the rail-splitter of Illinois, for no reason, that was obvious at the time, before all other men? God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. The star of the sublime destiny that hung over the manger of our blessed Saviour hung over the cradle of our blessed Union.

Thus far it has weathered each historic danger which has gone before to mark the decline and fall of nations; the struggle for existence; the foreign invasion; the internecine strife; the disputed succession; religious bigotry and racial conflict. One other peril confronts it; the demoralization of wealth and luxury; too great prosperity; excess of power. Shall we survive the lures with which the Spirit of Evil, playing upon our self-love, seeks to trip our wayward footsteps, purse-pride, and party spirit, mistaken zeal and perverted religion, fanaticism seeking to abridge liberty and liberty running to license, greed maddening as a patriot and ambition making a commodity of glory—or, under the process of a divided government shall we be able to mount and ride the waves which engulfed the phalanx of Greece and the legions of Rome, yea, which still beat the sides and sweep the decks of feudalism in England and Germany, in Austria, Italy, and Spain?

We shall mount and ride them, please God!

The one-party power is imminent, but it is neither absolute, nor supreme. The one-man power is not in sight. The stars in their courses fight for us; the virtue and intelligence of the people were never so watchful and alert. Truth is mightier than ever and Justice, mounting guard even in the Hall of Statues, walks everywhere the battlements of Freedom!

Our Greatest Problem.
Mark Sullivan, in Outlook.

In Congress and in the Supreme Court we are face to face with the gravest economic and social problem of the time. The question is, how shall we secure the obvious public advantages of big business organizations and prevent the abuses which they have practiced in the past and to which they are constantly liable? How shall we organize business into the biggest units which are economical in each line, and at the same time prevent injustice to smaller competitors, and the excessive prices to the public which are prone to accompany monopoly or near-monopoly? It is inconceivable that we shall forfeit the vast economies of consolidation, that we shall return to the small business units of a generation ago, to the excessive wastes of competition and the less efficient service to the public. Whoever argues for this is fighting the stars in their courses. But is equally inconceivable that we shall confer upon large corporations all the privileges of substantial monopoly, and permit them to keep for their own pockets all the huge economies and profits that accompany the organization of business in big units. It is a problem for the highest quality of statesmanship.

Secret of Popularity.
From the Cleveland Leader.

"Why is Mr. Jones so popular with you girls?"
"Oh, he's a dear! Why, he doesn't do anything but tell lies, and none of us can catch him at it!"

AT THE HOTELS.

Theobald F. Schwartz, a wholesale merchant and manufacturer of New York, in speaking of the tendency to create additional legal holidays, said that of the making of holidays there is no end.

"This holds good to a certain extent the world over," said Mr. Schwartz, who is at the Raleigh, "but there is no city where there are so many holidays celebrated as in New York. Our own special days that are set aside for the true American to cut up high links are numerous enough to give employers visions of bankruptcy, but they are only a trifle as compared with the long list of days worth celebrating that have been introduced by our adopted citizens. In my business I am